


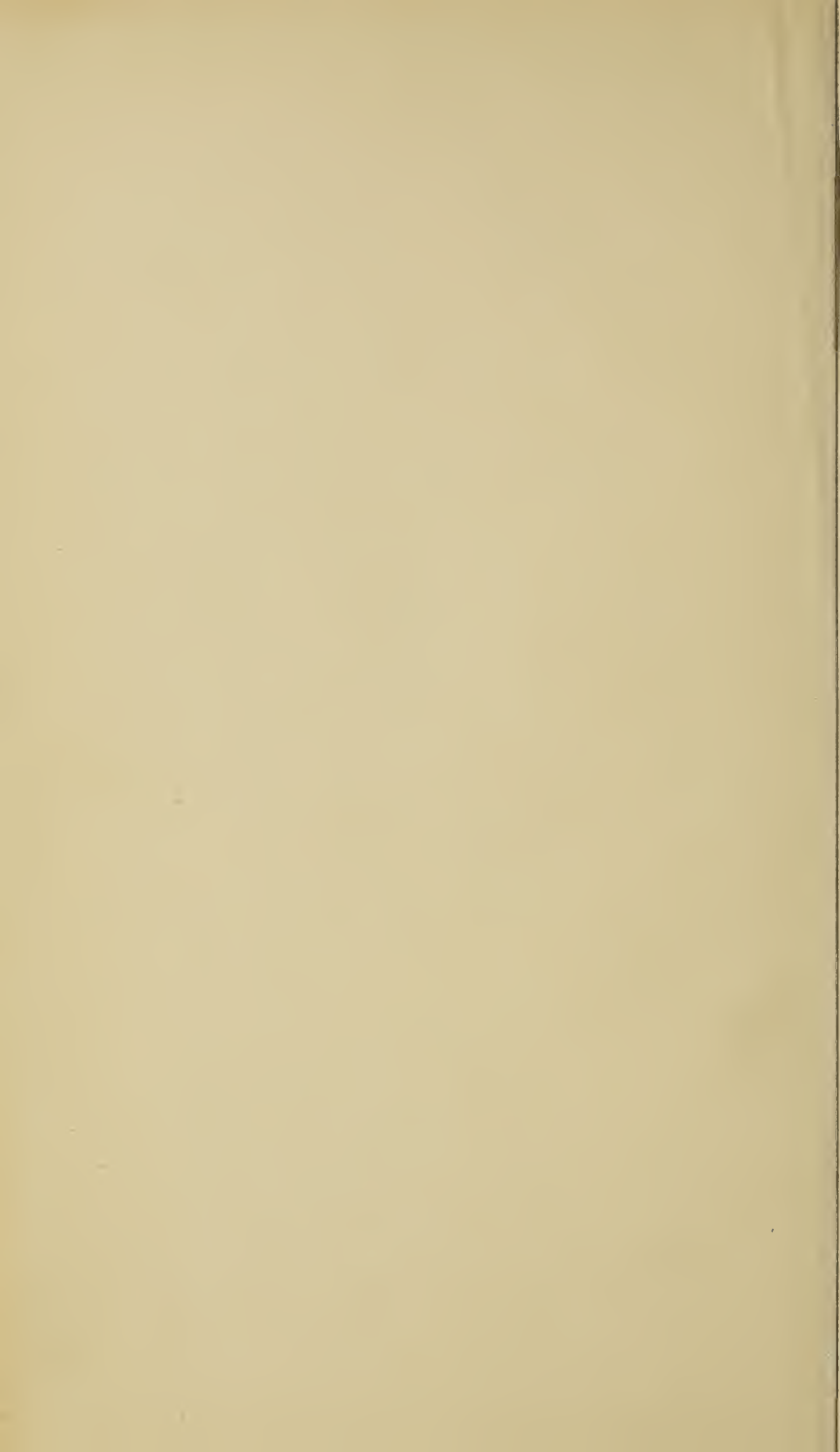


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Allen A. Brown.

14 July, 1898.

CÆCILIAN CHOIR

EASTER CONCERT.

→‡ 1891 ‡←

ℓ

MUSICAL.

Concert at the Peddie Memorial Church.

The Easter concert by the Cæcilian Choir, in the First Baptist Church, last night, drew a very large and intelligent audience. The performances all passed off smoothly and their merits were duly acknowledged by the usual demonstrations. Mr. E. M. Bowman, the organist of the church, opened the programme with a sonata by Mendelssohn, and later on performed the overture to "William Tell," as transcribed by Dudley Buck. This was the most important instrumental performance of the evening, in which the full power of both organs was displayed with grand effect, terminating in a rapturous encore, in response to which Mr. Bowman performed a nocturne by Chopin with great delicacy and finish.

The principal choral work was the dramatic ballad, "Fair Ellen," given after the intermission, in which the choir, Miss Emily Banta, the soprano soloist, and Mr. Sauvage took part. In this selection the choir certainly exhibited its excellent qualities and training. In the latter part of the piece, the sopranos sang high B with a good clear tone. The other selections on the programme rendered by the choir were Cowen's "Boat Song," which was beautifully done, the harmony and shading being perfect; Fanning's "The Miller's Wooing;" "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," by Elgar; "Night Smiles on the Wave," by Smart, and the spinning chorus from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." Mr. Sauvage was in excellent voice, and after each selection was recalled. He sang "Mad Tom," an old melody, displaying admirable taste in his treatment, and as an encore an old Irish melody "Off to Philadelphia." With Miss Banta, Mr. Sauvage sang "Why Answer so Demurely," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and as an encore "La ci darem," from Mozart's "Don Juan." Miss Banta has a sweet voice, and sang both of these selections very acceptably. She also sang "Knowest Thou the Land," from "Mignon." Mr. Sauvage revived "Mad Tom" in England some years ago. It was first published in 1650. The concert was well received by the large audience, every number on the programme being greeted with warm applause.

1

☼ Book of Words ☼

CAECILIAN CHOIR

EASTER CONCERT,

APRIL 1st, 1891.

Mr. E. M. BOWMAN, Conductor.

Soloists,

Mr. JAMES SAUVAGE, Miss EMILY BANTA.

Chorus,

The Cæcilian Choir.

STEINWAY PIANO.

c

* Programme *

AT 8.15

1. MENDELSSOHN : " Organ Sonata in C Minor, No. 2.

Grave. Adagio. Allegro maestoso e vivace. Fugue.

MR. BOWMAN.

2. a COWEN : " Boat Song."

Row, row, gently row,
On the water's silv'ry flow!
Timing all your bending oars,
As ye pass the smiling shores!
One by one new beauties rise,
Charming all your hearts and eyes,
Flow'rets fair and stately trees,
Trembling 'neath the summer breeze!
Row, gently row, row, gently row,
As the silv'ry waters flow,
Breathing music soft and low.
Row, gently row, row, row.

Row, row, gently row,
Blithely singing as ye go;
Echoes all repeat your song,
As ye urge the boat along!
Water lilies, white and gold,
Blossom that ye may behold;
Rippling wavelets rise and fall,
Sweetly harmonizing all!
Row, gently row, row, gently row,
As the silv'ry waters flow,
Breathing music soft and low!
Row, gently row, row, row.

b FANING : " The Miller's Wooing "

Merrily, O merrily,
The mill-wheel turns to-day,
With splash and dash,
And merry crash,
For the miller's heart, the miller's heart is gay.
Merrily, O merrily, O merrily,
The mill-wheel turns to-day,
With splash and dash, with splash and dash,
And merry crash,
For the miller's heart is gay,
O merrily
The mill-wheel turns to-day,
With splash and dash,
And merry crash, with splash and dash, and
merry crash,
For the miller's heart is gay, his heart is gay.
Wearily, wearily
There came at eventide,
A maiden fair,
With shining hair,
Over the dark hillside;
O wearily,
A maiden fair,
With shining hair,
Over the dark hillside;
O wearily,
Cheerily, O cheerily
The miller spake; quoth he,
" Great joy were mine

Didst thou incline,
Sweet maid, my bride to be;
Great joy were mine
Didst thou incline,
Sweet maid, sweet maid, my bride to be."
Joyfully, O joyfully,
The maiden spake her " Yea,"
And the bells rang soon
A merry, merry tune,
For the miller's wedding day,
For the miller's wedding day.
Now lustily, O lustily,
The miller singeth he;
His voice keeps time
With the water's chime,
And his heart from care is free,
Merrily, O merrily, O merrily,
The mill-wheel whirls around,
With splash and dash,
And merry crash,
For the miller joy hath found,
O merrily,
The mill-wheel whirls around,
With splash and dash,
And merry crash, with splash and dash, and
merry crash,
For the miller joy hath found, the miller joy
hath found.

THE CÆCILIAN CHOIR.

3. PURCELL : . . . Grand Scena, "Mad Tom," (Pub. about 1650.)

Forth from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyss of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle.

Fears and cares oppress my soul,
Hark! how the angry furies howl,
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.

Chaste Diana lends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle.
Come Vulcan with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troublesome shackles.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
To find my straggl'ng senses,
In an angry mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of tenses.

Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again.
In my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
I range around the world.

When me he spies, away he flies,
For time will stay for no man,
In vain with cries, I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

'Tis I, Mad Tom, drive all before me,
While to my royal throne I come;
Bow down, my slaves and adore me,
Your Sov'reign Lord, Mad Tom.

Cold and comfortless I lie,
Help, help, O help, or else I die!

And tho' I give law from beds of straw,
And drest in a tatter'd robe,
The mad man can be more a monarch than he
That commands the vassal globe.

MR. SAUVAGE.

Accompanied by Tonzo Sauvage.

4. ELGAR : . . . "My love dwelt in a Northern land."

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen,
The woven forest bows between :

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, she fell, and flamed in a wild dawn

And thro' the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly, slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day :
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay,
Colder, colder than the clay.

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,

THE CÆCILIAN CHOIR.

5. THOMAS : . . . "Knowest Thou the Land?" (*Mignon*.)

Knowest thou that dear land,
Where the orange-trees grow ;—
Odours sweet fill the air,
And perfum'd roses blow ?
Where the breeze softly sighs,
Birds blithely going and coming
All the year bloom the flow'rs,
And bees ne'er cease their humming ?
In this land there ever smiling
Bright gifts from on high,
A spring-time ever lasting,
A heav'nly blue sky,
Alas!—O might I follow thee,
To that far-distant land,
For which vainly I strive,
'Tis there, yes there my heart so longs to live,
To live, to love, and to die,—
'Tis there my heart so longs to live,
'Tis there, yes, 'tis there!

Knowest thou that dear home,
Seen by me but in dreaming ;
The halls are bright with gold,
And with white statues gleaming ;
They call me thro' the night,
I heard their sweet beseeching,
And the lawn where the dancers
Are gay 'neath boughs o'er-reaching ;
And the lake, crystal clear,
On whose blue waters lie
White-winged boats,
As birds in azure fly!—
Alas!—could I follow thee
To that far distant land,
From which fate exiles me ?
'Tis there, yes there my heart so longs to live,
To live, to love, and to die,—
Yes, there my heart so longs to live,
And there, there to die!

MISS BANTA.

6. ROSSINI : "Overture to William Tell."

(Transcribed by Dudley Buck.)

MR. BOWMAN.

7. a SMART : "Night sinks on the wave."

Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Thro' the gloom are flying.
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou in heav'n unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save.

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few and sad and shrouded;
Faith our light must be
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with Thee!
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling,
Power dwells with Thee!
Power dwells, dwells with Thee!

b WAGNER : "Spinning Chorus," (Flying Dutchman.)

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling,
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,
Turn, good wheel, with humming sound!
My love now sails on distant seas;
His faithful heart for home doth yearn;
Couldst thou, good wheel, but give the breeze,
My love would soon to me return!
My love would soon to me return!
Spin we duly!
Hum, hum, wheel go truly!
Tra la ra, la la la la!
Tra la ra, la la la la!
Tra la ra, la la la la la la la la!

Then sing! yet ply a busy wheel.
But wherefore, Senta, art thou still?

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel be whirling,
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be whirling,
Turn, good wheel, with humming sound!
On distant seas my love doth sail;
In Southern lands much gold he wins;
Then turn, good wheel, nor tire, nor fail;
The gold for her who duly spins!
The gold for her who duly spins!
Spin we duly!
Hum, hum, wheel, go truly!
Tra la ra, la la la la!
Tra la ra, la la la la!
Tra la ra, la la la la la la la la!

Ah! duly, duly are they spinning!
Each girl a sweet-heart would be winning!

Dame Mary, hush! for well you know
Our song as yet must onward go.
You know our song as yet must onward go.

THE LADIES OF THE CÆCILIAN CHOIR.

Mrs. Blanche McDonnell. (*Dame Mary.*)

8. MOZART : "Why answer so demurely?" (*Marriage of Figaro.*)

COUNT.—Why answer so demurely?
Why keep me thus in doubt?
SUSANNA.—My lord! no maiden surely,
Should all her mind speak out.
C.—Then by the garden bower?
S.—At twilight I will be.
C.—You'll not forget the hour?
S.—Oh no, depend on me.
C.—We meet then?
S.—Yes.
C.—No more *deceit* then?
S.—No.

C.—We *surely* meet then?
S.—(purposely) No.
C.—(surprised) No?
S.—(correcting herself) Yes, oh yes,
depend on me.
C.—No more *deceit* then?
S.—No.
C. { What transport now is flying
Thro' this enraptured breast!
S. { Oh, may the scheme I'm trying
Bring all to peace and rest.

MISS BANTA AND MR. SAUVAGE.

INTERMISSION.

9. BRUCH : "Dramatic Ballad," (*Fair Ellen.*)

"May God in his mercy be good to us now,
 What boots it to shrink from dying?
 No bread to sustain us the long day through,
 No shot to the foemen replying;
 But pray for rescue, and that right soon,
 To come to our leaguer'd tower;
 Though yonder the morning be low'ring red,
 There Death, in the sunset hour."
 Lord Edward spoke; down-hearted and sad
 His gallant veterans stayed;
 Fair Ellen leant on a cannon near,
 In tartan plaid arrayed.
 There's e'en a spell on the bonny face,
 The lost look heavenward turning,
 And straightway like to a wraith she rose,
 Her eyne all darksome burning.
 "Oh haste ye, haste to the rampart high,
 Look out 't the misty gloaming.
 Me thought I heard in the distance far
 The march, the Campbells coming.
 Oh list to the rolling sound of drums,
 The Pibroch I hear them playing;
 "We come for the sake of our olden troth,"
 Oh list what the breezes are saying.
 "We come for the sake of our olden troth,"
 The winds are softly saying.
 "Ah, maiden, I ween thou art sore distraught,
 Nought hast thou seen or heard
 Save deep blue sky and yellow sand
 And distant reeds by breezes stirred,
 And reeds by breezes stirred."
 And the sun arose to his midday height,
 And nearer and nearer the last hour came,
 And sadly the farewell was given.
 Fair Ellen stood with a fixed look,
 And brightly her eyes were aglowing:
 "The Campbells are coming, I told you true,
 I hear, I hear the bugle blowing.
 The Campbells are coming, I told you true,
 I hear, I hear the bugle blowing.

"The Pibroch is borne adown the wind,
 The tones on the breezes quiver,
 Neath the tread of battalions that hurry along,
 Afar the plains do shiver!
 "Ah, maiden, we listen and listen in vain,
 And fast the hours are flying,
 The breach is wide, and the storm is nigh,
 There's honour, Honour is dying.
 Farewell, then, wife and child at home!
 And the Highland lochs and the heather!
 Wife and child, farewell,
 And the Highland lochs and the heather!
 Farewell to the Highland lochs and the heather!
 Farewell then, farewell then, wife and child at
 home,
 And the Highland lochs and the heather!
 And now, for the last time, God speed the shot,
 Let your swords be unsheathed together."
 And the volley rang, and the fight was hot,
 And smoke hung thickly before them;
 The colours droop'd but fair Ellen rose,
 And forward right boldly she bore them!
 "Oh stay, Oh stay, 'tis the pipes I hear,
 The sound draws nearer and nearer.
 Ha! see, there's a rent in the mist,
 And the sight grows clearer and clearer."
 And they broke on the foe like a Highland
 storm,
 And nearer and louder becoming,
 Far over the mist there sounded the march,
 The march: the Campbells are coming.
 There's a shimmer of steel o'er the far spread-
 ing plain,
 From the squadrons for battle arrayed,
 With their plaids and gay plumes in their bon-
 nets they come,
 And England's flag displayed!
 And the foemen fled, and they entered the gate,
 And Ellen's voice rose to heaven:
 "We're saved by the bond of our olden troth,
 To God praise and honour be given!"

MISS BANTA (Ellen), MR. SAUVAGE (Lord Edward),
 and THE CÆCILIAN CHOIR.

10. BUCK : "Fantasie on a Scotch Air."

MR. BOWMAN.

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JAMES SAUVAGE, Soloist.

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